

PUBLIC LEDGER



FIFTH YEAR.

MAYSVILLE, KY., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1896.

ONE CENT.



If you have friends visiting you, or if you are going away on a visit, please drop us a note to that effect.

Mr. Frank Bryan of Cincinnati is in the city.

Miss Anna Martin will go to Auguste this evening to visit relatives.

Mrs. Fannie Hayes of Millersburg is visiting friends and relatives here.

Mr. Ben Gabby left last night for Richmond, Va., where will finish his education.

Miss Tillie Bentzel of Beaver Dam, Wis., is the guest of her brother, Mr. E. H. Bentzel.

Mr. and Mrs. Simon Rosenau have returned from their summer vacation at Philadelphia.

Mrs. Anna Means has returned from a visit to relatives and friends in Cincinnati and Bellevue.

Mr. George P. Altmyer and wife of Taylorville, Ill., arrived Thursday night on a visit to relatives.

Miss Mollie Daly will leave this afternoon for Cynthiana, to the guest of her charming cousin, Miss Gibbons.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Swan returned to their home in Bloomington, Ill., this morning after a most pleasant visit to relatives in this city and Flemingsburg.

Mrs. Mary Lewis of Ashland, Neb., and Mrs. Kepp of Chicago, left Wednesday morning for their respective homes after a visit to the father, Mrs. Dr. Samuel Pangburn.

General Sickles has called on his comrades to stand for Union.

Blue Stone will keep your wheat from smutting. For sale at Chewonthew's.

Presidential candidate Bryan made a number of speeches in North Carolina.

The McKinley, Hobart and Pugh Club will meet at the Courthouse Monday evening.

Ike Hill is making a desperate effort to secure funds for the Populist party in Ohio.

Colonel Goehorn predicts that Ohio will give McKinley at least 100,000 majority.

Major McKinley addressed two thousand steel workers who had come from Braddock, Pa.

Senator Blackburn is quoted as saying that no Gold Democrat will be allowed to speak in Kentucky.

General Harrison has written to the National Committee that he will make only one speech in Indiana.

Judge George Denny of Lexington announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for Congress.

Ex-Editor J. M. Huff of Ashland has been appointed Magistrate to fill the unexpired term of G. W. Whealy, deceased.

State Treasurer G. W. Long will marry Miss Tenie Adams, a sister of Clerk Adams of the Court of Appeals, at Cynthiana September 30th.

Mr. W. W. Lynch has presented THE LEDGER with a genuine Kansas grasshopper, which has been duly embalmed and will keep as long as Mary Ellen Lease.

The latest acquisition to the list of National Democrats who will stump Kentucky is the Hon. Edward Colston of Cincinnati, a law partner of Attorney General Harmon.

Master Harris Alexander, son of Sheriff John W. Alexander, carried off the second premium as the best boy rider at the Aberdeen Yellow Ribbon Fair yesterday afternoon. The premium offered was a \$25 pair of shoes, and was given by H. C. Barkley & Co. of this city.

The remains of the late Hon. James Barbour are expected to reach here this evening or tonight, and the funeral services will occur at the First Presbyterian Church at 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. The Oddfellowes will meet at their Hall at 3 o'clock promptly, and will attend the services at the Church. The remains will leave over the L. and N. at 5:30 Monday morning for Danville, where the interment will take place.

Hon. P. W. Hardin spoke for the Fifty-Cent-Dollar Fellows at the Court-house last night—after Colonel Tom Slattery got through. Mr. Hardin was there at 8:35, but the L. and N. train has been off color for quite awhile, and it was nearly after 9 o'clock when the gentleman reached the Courthouse. Meantime, Mr. Slattery had the audience of 125 spell-bound—for something less than two hours. Mr. Hardin sang the old song, and he will repeat it at Covington this evening.

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MAYSVILLE WEATHER.

What We May Expect for the Next Twenty-four Hours.

THE LEDGER'S WEATHER SIGNALS.

White streamer—FAIR;

Blue—RAIN OR SNOW;

Red—BLOCK ABOVE—'T'WILL WARMER

STORM;

Black—BLOCK BELOW—COLDEN'TWILL

BE;

Orange—BLOCK shown—no change

WEATHER.

The above forecasts are made for a period of thirty-six hours, ending at 8 o'clock to-morrow evening.

STOP THAT COLD.

Jay's LaGrippe Tablets are guaranteed to cure or your money refunded by Pecor, 26c.

A Palmer and Buckner Club was organized at Lexington with 700 members.

Dr. G. N. Hurst and Miss Hattie S. Bell will be married in Fleming next Tuesday.

James Sullivan was appointed Guardian of Harriet Hall, with John Burkhardt surety.

The last excursion to the Oligonunk Caves this season will be run over the C. and O. tomorrow.

The Congressional candidates will "ar-gyf" at the opening of the Mt. Olivet Fair, September 30th.

Every Day

Between this date and the Presidential Election THE LEDGER will send out a large number of extra copies through Mason and adjoining counties.

There's no better medium for advertising than this.

If you want to catch your share of the full trade an advertisement in THE LEDGER will be of great help in doing it.

For Pure Drugs call on Henry W. Ray, successor to C. E. Power, next door to Postoffice. Prescriptions a specialty.

Hon. Sam J. Pugia and Colonel W. R. Thomas will have a joint debate at Flemingsburg on the 28th—County Court Day.

C. M. Wendl of Oakland, Cal., who is advocating the killing of incurable invalids, was formerly a resident of Springfield, O.

Dr. William Everett of Massachusetts has agreed to come to Kentucky and make a series of addresses in behalf of the National Democracy.

Chairman Hahn of the Republicans' Speakers' Bureau has assigned Governor Bradley to speak at Cleveland September 28th and at Zanesville September 29th.

Generals Alger, Howard, Sickles, Stigell, Stewart and Corporal Tanner will take a swing around the circle in the interest of Sound Money. They will speak in Louisville October 14th.

The Men's Rally at the Association Hall tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock will doubtless be one of special interest, and a large attendance is looked for, inasmuch as Mr. H. E. Rosevar of Louisville, the Executive Secretary of all the Associations of the state, will be present and give the address on the subject "A Life Choice." Although Mr. Rosevar has visited Maysville several times in the interest of the local Association work, and is well known to many of the business men and others, yet we understand that this will be the first time that he has spoken to the men at their afternoon rally. Mr. Lee Gray will assist in the music with his clarinet, and a fine gathering is anticipated. All men—young and old—are cordially invited to come out and meet as well as hear the state representative of the Y. M. C. A.

The newly appointed Educational Committee of the local Association met Friday afternoon at Y. M. C. A. Hall and organized for work. Messrs. D. C. Hutchins, R. A. Cochran, F. M. F. Marsh, W. T. Berry and H. E. Gabby compose the committee, and with the exception of Mr. Cochran, whose absence will be readily understood, all the members were present.

The various lines of work to be conducted during the winter months under the supervision of this Committee were briefly outlined, after which plans for the coming lecture by Rev. B. Fay Mills, at Washington Opera house September 30th, were thoroughly discussed. The price of tickets was fixed at 50 cents for the main floor and 25 cents for balcony (all reserved seats) so that no one will have occasion to complain or remain home because of high prices for the privilege of hearing one of the most prominent speakers of the day. Tickets will be printed and placed at once in the stores and in the hands of different members, and the sale will be pushed in every possible way, so that Mr. Mills may be greeted with a large and enthusiastic audience.

From all accounts Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a Godsend to the afflicted.

It is no advertisement about this; we feel just like saying it.—The Democratic, Carrollton, Ky. for sale by J. James Wood, Druggist.

The last sad rites over the remains of Mrs. Harriet F. Cochran took place at 10:30 o'clock this morning, and the body was laid to rest beside that of her lamented husband, the late Hon. Robert A. Cochran.

Hon. Boyd Winchester, ex United States Minister to Switzerland and ex-Congressman, who has been a life-long Democrat and has presided over several Kentucky Democratic State Conventions, will speak for Sound Money at the Court-house in this city on Tuesday evening, September 29th, at 8 o'clock. Everybody invited to hear this eloquent speaker.

Mr. J. T. Kackley met with a painful accident yesterday afternoon. He was wheeling down the hill on the Fleming at a lively rate, and seeing an obstruction in front he applied the brake. This caused his handle-bar to swerve and he was thrown from the wheel with considerable force. The fall resulted in a badly bruised face, which will disable him for several days. It was fortunate indeed that his injuries were not more serious.

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Daily Public Ledger.

THOMAS A. DAVIS, Publisher.

MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

MARS.

It may be there are forms of human life upon old continents of shrouded stars; it may be there are men grown mad with Mars.

Some day, perhaps, we shall look for "One who dwells within that sister sphere." And when his soul has sweetest grace.

He has loved, as we may love, in vain; if he has striven in cruel oaths; if he loses him has been the end of gain; if he has learned to live—and learned too late.

Yet it may be that this new brother dwells in ways more gentle than terrestrial.

That night brings peace to him and halcyon spells.

These forms are harbinger of golden days.

And it may be that he is patient, brave, fraternal yet forgiving, strong yet meek.

That and his world is like the dream we see.

Like some utopia we divinely seek.

—George E. Montgomery, in Harper's Magazine.

THE RAID ON THE STILL.

"Just thought I would stop by a minute, Miranda, if you say nothing more than I hope you're all well," said Mrs. Jonathan Jackson to her friend, Mrs. Samuel Pearl.

"Take a seat, Elizabeth, and make yourself at home. It's precious little conversation, though one can have with one's neighbor about what's going on in the mountains, with the men folks talkin' about their business and all about them revenue sharks." And Mrs. Pearl looked uneasily through the window of the little sitting-room that commanded a general view of the mountain road that skirted past her home like the trail of a serpent and was lost in the gloom of the cedar trees, that, since the fire, had covered the underbrush, caught the eye on all sides.

"How's Alice?" asked Mrs. Pearl, rather abruptly.

"Fair as can be expected, Elizabeth. The girl don't seem to be the same creature since Ike went away, though the Lord knows I thought she was all right before he left, so that I let on to Jonathan. But Jonathan was down on the lad, and what's a weak woman going to do against a strong man's opposition?" And Mrs. Jonathan Jackson sighed.

"Been five years now, Miranda, since Jonathan left. I don't understand why he left here, but folks can't be personal, you know, and ask questions that don't concern them." Mrs. Pearl said, inquisitively, drawing her chair a few inches nearer to Mrs. Jonathan Jackson.

"Well, Elizabeth, knowing you don't talk about other people's business" and here Mrs. Jackson looked suspiciously at her guest—"I don't mind telling you of the affair. Ike Holland, you see, Jonathan took off from an orphan asylum when the boy was about two years old, and brought him up to be a sinner. Jonathan had been on a visit to Nashville and thought nothing would be better than to bring the lad here. Twas a little before Alice was born, and the boy, it seems, became attached to the girl from her birth. But Jonathan was proud of the boy, and tell me how he came to be in the family and how he saved him a great deal. You know how Ike grew up to manhood, and how it was said that in these parts there wasn't one who could stand up and fight the revenue officers like him?"

The story continued, which he had saved by warning the owners, and Jonathan himself is under obligation to the boy on that score. But the day came when I saw that Ike thought a great deal of my girl, and that she wasn't all displeased with his attentions. Jonathan, however, was not slow to see that the two were fonder in each other's company. One day Ike, man-like, tells Jonathan he wished to marry the girl. But Jonathan became furious, and told him he wasn't anything but a miserable outcast, an object of charity. He was further; he struck him hard a terrible blow. This was his way. He did not strike back. I heard him mutter something, "for Alice's sake." But the lad raised his hand and swore that he would even up things with Jonathan, if it took until judgment day. Then he went away, and no one has ever heard of him since."

Mrs. Jackson sighed softly to herself. Mrs. Pearl's eyes were wide open with surprise, and she wondered how the story of Ike's disappearance had remained a secret so long.

"Well, Elizabeth, I suppose the two are still together, and I guess I left him goin' up the road," and Mrs. Jackson had given her good-by.

The November sun was gradually disappearing behind the mountains and the long shadows of the fading sunlight cast spectral figures here and there among the trees.

Mrs. Jackson turned, lit the oil lamp and made ready for the night. Presently the sound of a conveyance was heard in the roadway, and Jonathan Jackson and his daughter Alice alighted. They had been down to the village, a ride of 20 miles over the mountain roads, to provide themselves with some necessary supplies.

"I'll be back in the village, Jonathan," inspired his wife.

"Nothing much; some reports out about the revenue officers, though I don't take much stock in the stories." And Jonathan relapsed into a moody silence.

The rest of the meal was eaten in quiet, and after the dishes were cleared away Jonathan sat comfortably by the fire and smoked his pipe, as the November

winters evening became chilly and unpleasant.

After an hour had passed, there was the sound of a motorcar approaching near to the house, and a moment later some one knocked at the door.

Jonathan rose, surprised, from his seat and opened the door.

"Does Jonathan Jackson live here?" inquired the newcomer.

"My name is Jonathan Jackson," answered the man of the house.

"What is your business?" And Jonathan looked at the stranger with suspicion.

"I am making a journey over the mountains, and would like to stay here to-night at least."

Jonathan Jackson looked surprised; then he bade the stranger enter, while he went outside and put up his horse.

In the light of the room the stranger appeared to be a man of some 30 years of age. He was tall and slender, of muscular growth, which concealed what would be considered a handsome face were it bereft of its hirsute appendage. The guest took his seat near the fire and kept his pace. In a few minutes Jonathan returned and joined the family circle.

"It appears to me, stranger, I saw you to-day in the village." Jonathan turned to the guest.

"Possibly; I was there," the guest answered.

"On business?"

"There was a man absent for a moment. He was apparently ill at ease."

"I suppose you have heard that it is pretty dangerous traveling in these parts?" again ventured Jonathan.

"It is?" said the stranger, and Jonathan became more dissatisfied with his way of clearing his throat.

"My name is Arthur Smith. My business was that of a moonshiner or keeper of an illicit distillery—that is, until I was driven out of North Carolina."

"Why, why tell me this?" Jonathan asked, surprised, and then he knew I believe I am speaking with a brother moonshiner. Probably you may be able to refer me to some one in these parts who may need my services."

"We will have to see about it," said the master of the house, without committing himself, and in a few minutes Smith was shown to his room as the night was getting late.

II.

The next morning Jonathan went out early and returned soon after with some of his neighbor's friends. Smith was up on Jonathan's return, and the men all crowded together, which seemed to prove satisfactory, although the result was that the stranger, Arthur Smith, had joined the band of illicit distillers carrying on their calling in the mountains. For the present Smith put up at the house of Jonathan, and in the evening, when the moonlight approached the latter, he was at the top of an old mill on the bank of a rushing torrent some distance up the mountain, in which days gone by had been used to grind their corn, which they purchased from the farmers on the lowlands below.

Reports had reached the mountain people, however, and had been seen in the village at the foot of the mountains, and the secret stills were rarely in operation of late. Smith, the stranger, owing to the late turn in affairs, had plenty of space for his hands, and a number of old men, a mountain road, and turn off into the dense undergrowth to be gone hours at a time. He was a particularly reticent man, never ventured a question, and answered those put to him in the most laconic way imaginable. Once in awhile, when the boy was in the house, he would be riveted on Alice and Mrs. Jackson would shrewdly smile to herself and declare inaudibly that the girl had made a conquest.

One evening, as darkness was coming on, Alice returned from the house of Mrs. Pearl, having paid a visit to the latter, and coming suddenly around a bend in the road she observed two men in earnest conversation. One was Arthur Smith, the other a stranger. Only for a moment did the two men seem to converse, and soon the newcomer had disappeared. When Smith reached Jonathan he found it was but shortly after Alice arrived.

Lately the mountain stills had been operated more frequently than for some time. The reports of the revenue officers infesting the mountains had become less frequent, and the stills were being operated with a greater degree of regularity.

"We had better be getting up the mountain, lad," Jonathan said, one evening in December. Supper had been prepared earlier than usual, for Jonathan's still was to be worked the growing degree of cold.

"I'll follow you in half an hour. Feel rather badly to-day, but believe I'll be all right in a short while," Smith answered, indifferently.

"Very well, Smith. I'll expect you," and Jonathan departed.

"Probably in 20 minutes had elapsed when Smith left, and Jonathan leisurely made his way toward the secret still. Alice watched the stranger closely, and when Smith had disappeared she threw a shawl over her head—there was an unpleasant chilliness in the mountain air—and followed in his wake.

The old mill which concealed the still was some three-quarters of a mile from Jonathan's house, and as Alice proceeded on her way she occasionally caught a glimpse of the forms of strange men in the dense undergrowth, going every which way in the direction of the secret still. Once a strange figure glanced at her suspiciously, but did not

greet her.

He was armed with a shotgun, and took her probably for some who was a hunting party on a visit to a neighboring mountain-side's game.

Soon the girl reached the old mill. In the evening twilight the sun was fast disappearing behind the mountains, leaving a faint glare in its wake which lit up the scene with a soft, golden light. Sure, the stranger, was standing anxiously now and then, into the dense undergrowth on both sides of the stream, which in past days had furnished the motive power for the now useless wheel. Alice Jackson watched Smith intently for a moment and then laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

"Ike, why do you bound my father like this?" spoke the girl, softly.

Smith gazed at his questioner in a startled way for a moment, and then with an effort recovered his usual air of sternness.

"You know me, Alice. I had hoped that time had wrought such a change in my nature and looks that none would recognize me. You probably know why I am here."

"You are a revenue officer, and your purpose here at this moment is to sign me over to the law, who are on all sides, to trap my father and the few men who are in this still."

"I see you know all. When I left your father's house, as I did, like a beggar and an outcast, I swore to ruin him. If I signed now to my own destruction in five minutes I will have the evidence necessary to show that he is a member of the conspiracy. And yet, if you had only taken my part, all might have been different." And Ike Holland's voice grew soft and sad.

"How could I take your part, Ike, except by going with you—and you never wanted me to do that," spoke the girl, feelingly.

"And would you have done so?"

Ike did not need an answer to his question. In a moment he realized that the hunter of Jonathan Jackson was still beloved by his daughter. In the growing darkness of the evening he had been compelled to leave the house, and the men in the woods who awaited their leader's signal wondered what change had taken place in Ike Holland's plans. Jonathan was also disappointed in not seeing Smith at the still, and after that night he never saw him again.

The stranger's eyes flashed like coals of fire, and then he looked coolly again.

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"Yes; and Alice were married in Nashville two days ago," answered Jonathan.

"And what does Jonathan say?"

"What can he say?" and Mrs. Jackson's eyes snapped resentfully at the question. "He's got sensible at last, and says he never would have given Ike Holland credit for such courage. Anyways, he is a good fellow, and in a few weeks he will be a revenue officer, he believes he will be a good one."

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THE FARMING WORLD.

FROZEN MILK BLOCKS.

Copenhagen Is Building a Plant for Their Manufacture.

Milk may be bought by the brick in summer, just the same as some kinds of ice cream. It will be frozen solid, though, and in its natural state, as received in the household, the lactiferous fluid for the tea or coffee will have to be chipped off with the handle of the knife or fork, according to the quantity desired in the drink. Perhaps at the Waldorf, at Delmonico's and other resorts of the wealthy, the milk may be served in cubes, like sugar, or in pads, like butter, and a man may order a lump of milk with his coffee and rolls, as well as a lump of sugar or "another pat of butter, please."

From a fat frozen milk has grown to be more and less popular in the warmer countries in Europe, and some of the larger dairymen in and about New York are seriously discussing the practicability of introducing the custom as an experiment. It is claimed that if the milk should be first frozen it is just as imperious to the gathering of disease germs as is boiled milk or water.

Many persons do not take kindly to the idea of frozen milk, or even preserved milk. Fresh milk in cans, they claim, can be kept fresh for 16 hours, and it does not remain sweet so long a time as they conclude that the milk was not fresh when poured into the cans, or the cans were not clean.

The trade in foreign imports of frozen milk and cream is yet in its infancy, but advices recently received by American agents indicate that the industry will be speedily developed to greater proportions, especially in Holland. The Belgian government designs to increase the trade at an annual outlay of \$50,000, and in Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, a committee has been formed and arrangements have been completed for the regular export of frozen milk. The necessary plant has been erected and contracts have been made already for the delivery of 110,000 pounds per week, which will be sent to all parts of the world in bricks or blocks like cheese.

If the lines laid down in European countries were closely followed, the health inspector would arrange these lists so that simultaneous occurrence of infectious diseases in a number of families served by the same ice-milkman would be promptly discovered and the mischief checked.—N. Y. Journal.

PROTECTION FOR HAY.

A Good Structure. Although There Is Not Much to It.

A good way, even if it is somewhat old, of cheaply protecting hay and fodder is to make an open structure with a roof that can be raised or lowered,

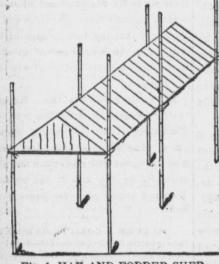


Fig. 1—HAY AND FODDER SHED.

as necessary to receive and best protect the valuable bales. If properly built, it is a four-post affair, one post (strongly set in the ground) at each corner; but if the shed is one of considerable length six posts are used, as shown in the accompanying cut (Fig. 1). What an ordinary bale of co-

stitution the plates h e r e become, a frame, which at each corner embraces the post in manner shown in Fig. 2. At any post, additional to those at the corners, are put down, an iron stirrup is used, as depicted at B.

The cover, or roof, o f t h e l i g h t o b s t a n c e material that will turn rain. When raised or lowered it is secured in place by iron pins stuck into holes in the posts for that purpose. A jack screw, if to be had (two jackscrews would be better), will give a good help in making it adjustable up and down.

This is a jackscrew made that clamps to an upright post, which would here be just the thing. This is the cheapest possible hay protector, as there is hardly anything to it but the roof.—G. W. Waters, in Journal of Agriculture.

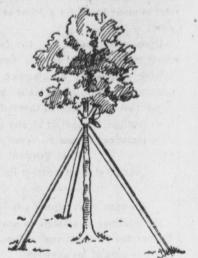
Darkened Stables for Cows.

Every farmer and dairymen should have a stable that can be darkened, in which to put his cows morning and evening during milking time. Being in a darkened room the flies do not trouble them, and the flies quickly die when killed, and are said to be freed from the pests which torture them when outside the stable. A cow must have the patience of Job to stand quietly and be milked, while the flies are sucking her blood, and even then she beats the milker, and because she kicks and flings her tail around to drive off these pests, the patience of the milker becomes taxed, and the poor boar is too frequently beaten and kicked, because she tries to rip herself of the flies that are biting her. Try a dark stable for milking, and you will never be troubled with one thereafter.—Rural World.

PROTECTOR FOR TREES.

To Stake Out a Large Orchid with a Cloth.

The cut shows a simple but effective method of supporting young trees, especially where a large orchard is set. In such case, the saving of a little labor at each tree amounts to a great deal in the case of the whole orchard. The trunk is supported by three angles, which are driven into the ground, and are held in place by three stakes, and is held secure by a strip of cloth used as a string. The cloth is twisted about so as to have a fold of it between the trunk and the stakes, to prevent chafing. The three stakes are bound together by a bit of wire. The



PROTECTOR FOR TREES.

cloth will stretch, so when tightly drawn it will not be bound at all. A large orchard can be staked out in this way with very little labor, and the result will prove very satisfactory, because everyone of the three stakes acts as a brace—something that cannot be said of such as are driven about the tree perpendicularly.—Country Gentleman.

GARDEN AND ORCHARD.

Evaporating is a good way of saving fruit when there is not a good market for it.

Some varieties of fruit, like the cherry, after they start to grow, need little

if any pruning.

Cultivate all orchards sparingly now. Give the trees time to ripen their wood before winter.

When there is an over-supply of fruit the fallen fruit can be fed to the hogs to good advantage.

Some kind of fruit to make it will pay to sort carefully before packing for shipment.

In the selection of trees for planting look carefully after the roots and see that they are all right.

One advantage with low-headed trees is that it is easier to gather the fruit from them when ripe.

Water, little, but often to water the young growing trees now than to run the risk of losing the tree.

About the only objection to low-headed trees is that the branches interfere with the work of cultivating.

Early in the fall, when the growth is completed and the wood ripened, is a good time to prune apple trees.

Prune the trees to make a few fruits that can be grown as economically as the grapefruit.

Whatever tends to promote the general health and thrift of the tree will also help to free both tree and fruit from blight and scab.—St. Louis Republic.

BOGUS PARIS GREEN.

It Is Sold in Large Quantities to California Fruit Growers.

Mr. B. M. Lelong, at the meeting of the State Horticultural Society of California, is reported to have stated as follows:

"In the past two years enormous quantities of paris green have been sold to growers, much of which was of very inferior quality. The result of this is that the market for the real product has become greatly reduced against its use. Samples of paris green have been examined with astonishing results. Several samples, although of nearly the same shade of color as the pure paris green, were found to be a mixture of parsnip root, radish, turnip, beet, and chalk. Others were found to contain no cyanide acid. In many cases the fault lies with the fruit growers themselves, for we have continually advised them to use the pure article, which costs 20 cents per pound, instead of the adulterated article, which is sold at a considerable extent and the cheapest grades have been purchased, with little or no results.

It was only last week that an experienced apple grower visited several stores in quest of paris green, and when he found it cost 20 cents per pound he was greatly surprised to him at 1 cent per pound. "What was your hurry, Dodge?" Stinson called out. "Way didn't you want for company?"

All day the fury of the desperadoes increased, and in the afternoon, excited by the news, Stinson and Reeves made their appearance at the heart. Reeves and Stinson were both convicted of the murder, and were sentenced to death, but were helped by a mob of their own friends to escape on the day set for their execution.

"I am now living," said Dodge, telling his story, "for I was a marked man to the whole gang." Youth's Companion.

Places for Dogs.

It is necessary to prevent many diseases and cure others by drinking large quantities of water. An eminent French physician says typhoid fever can be washed out of the system by water.

He gives his patients a quart of water to drink every ten ounces an hour of sterilized water. Experiments have been made with diseases caused by bacteria which demonstrate the curative power of water.

In cases where the system secretes a large amount of fluorine, water is of great benefit and will cure many cases without other medicines. One doctor says that perfectly sweet, fresh cider, taken in large quantities, has been known to cure diseases of bowel complaints. To kill ticks the best remedy is to boil them in water.

"Please, ma'm, we can't pay no rent to-day, 'cause ma's bought a bicycle an' she's got to make a payment on it tomorrow."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

NARROW ESCAPE.

A Miner's Adventure with Frontier Dogmen.

At Kendrick, Idaho, lives an old man named William Dodge. He is a survivor of the days of prosperous placer mining in Montana and Nevada, 35 years ago, and, though a man of peace himself, he had many desperate adventures during his life. He has roamed through the gold regions in those days, intent on securing the wealth which others had accumulated by industry. Mr. Dodge lately told a reporter of the Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review some stories of adventure, one of which, with some adaptation of his language and incidents, we may relate.

One winter he heard of rich diggings over on the Hell Gate, and went there alone on snowshoes. He did extremely well for a time, getting along taking as much as he could out of a single pony. Afterwards, returning to Bannock Station, he fell in with several desperados, among whom were the notorious Buck Stinson and Charley Reeve.

These men knew that Dodge had made his fortune in the same way, and possibly misjudging him, thought the operations of the vigilance committee had made them somewhat less bold in their movements than they had once been.

Dodge started one day for Virginia City on his horse, and stopped the night at the house of an unimportant miner named Prickett, paying a dollar for the privilege of sleeping on the floor. After he had curled up under his blankets in a corner a man, unknown to him, came in and asked for the privilege of rolling in next to him, as he, the stranger, had no blanket. Such a request Dodge could not refuse, as the season was winter and the weather cold.

Dodge was next the wall. His companion soon gave every sign of being fast asleep, and so did Dodge; but he was wide awake. There was no light in the room, but the night was starry with out, and the cabin window "chinked," so that a little of the light shone through.

Not long after Dodge had apparently fallen asleep a horseman rode up to the door, and presently Dodge heard him speak to Prickett in a whisper, and he was wide awake. There was no light in the room, but the night was starry with out, and the cabin window "chinked," so that a little of the light shone through.

One man passed with an enormous bull snake in his mouth. It was tall hung down to his knee. Each snake-carrier danced with his eyes closed and his chin tucked down to his shoulder. The snake was obvious. The little snakes were the most vicious, and struck repeatedly at the eyes and cheeks of the priests.

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One man went with two large rattlesnakes in his mouth. Another held a rattlesnake and two large bull snakes in his mouth. The snake-carrier was not to silence all question of his superiority, crowded into his mouth four snakes.

The gatherer who followed him held in the fingers of his left hand six or eight snakes, struck like pieces of rope. In fact, they all handled the snakes precisely as if they were skeins of yarn, with the single exception of the moment when they snatched them from the ground.

Once or twice there was a brief struggle between the snake-gatherer and the fallen snake. In every case which I observed the snake-gatherer brushed his hands and fingers over the snake, and the snake was quite as much as any of the white women.

This had been done with extreme care, so that the snake would not bite the woman's hand.

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Virginia City was the nearest place of safety, and that was 60 miles away. Dodge rode hard for it, outdoing, he is sure, either the ride of Paul Revere or Phil Sheridan. He reached Virginia City in safety, but his horse fell dead as he crossed the river. The desperadoes, who had been in a dangerous position, sacrificed the animal to save themselves.

At Virginia City, he had hardly gained his breath when some friends around him before

Stinson and Reeves made their appearance, having been captured by the police.

"What was your hurry, Dodge?" Stinson called out. "Way didn't you want for company?"

All day the fury of the desperadoes increased, and in the afternoon, excited by the news, Stinson and Reeves made their appearance at the heart. Reeves and Stinson were both convicted of the murder, and were sentenced to death, but were helped by a mob of their own friends to escape on the day set for their execution.

"I am now living," said Dodge, telling his story, "for I was a marked man to the whole gang." Youth's Companion.

Places for Dogs.

It is necessary to prevent many diseases and cure others by drinking large quantities of water. An eminent French physician says typhoid fever can be washed out of the system by water.

He gives his patients a quart of water to drink every ten ounces an hour of sterilized water.

Experiments have been made with diseases caused by bacteria which demonstrate the curative power of water.

In cases where the system secretes a large amount of fluorine, water is of great benefit and will cure many cases without other medicines.

One doctor says that perfectly sweet, fresh cider, taken in large quantities, has been known to cure diseases of bowel complaints.

THE SNAKE DANCE.

Account of One Witnessed Among the Indians.

At a signal from the leader, Kopell, they entered the plaza in a single file, on a rapid walk, and after circling the plaza, ranged themselves in a slightly curved line before the tent of cottonwood boughs in which the snakes were placed. On one side of which the Indian performers stood and singing a wild and guttural chant.

A wild hum arose, a portentous, guttural, snarling sound, which passed soon to a strong, manly, deep-falling, stern echoes. Then Kopell, the leader, with the snake-skin to him joined arms and danced slowly before the kisi. They stopped, and when they arose Kopell held in his mouth a snake. His companion placed his left arm over the snake-thief's shoulder, and took the snake from him, clutching it from the snake-priest's mouth.

Dodge was held at about nine inches from the head. Behind him walked the third man, the snake-gatherer. They passed by with a quick, strong step, one might almost say with a lop, in time to the circle of dancing priests to study

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A WORK OF ART.

The Texan's Gateway to Texas and the Southwest.

Is the name of a handsome publication recently issued by the Iron Mountain Route, containing 16 pages of descriptive matter, interspersed with 600 beautiful half-page illustrations. It is the most comprehensive work of its kind ever issued on the state of Texas, and is really a commercial publication. It is intended to attract the attention of the world to the natural resources of the state, and to encourage immigration, investors, tourists, etc., to come to Texas. This publication will be mailed free on application to the publisher, Paul E. Ballou, Iron Mountain Route, or may be had by addressing General Passenger Agent, St. Louis.

—WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited.

What's the matter, you are all done up?

TALMAGE'S WARNING.

Danger to the Youth Lurks in the Thronged Streets of the City,

But Thronging forces of the Time to Come Will be as Safe as Those of the Herald-ed Paradise—Churches Not So Crowded as Once They Were.

The Talmage's text Sunday was Zechariah viii: 5 "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." Glimpses of our cities redeemed! Now boys and girls are playing in the streets much more than of old. But, in the coming time spoken of, our cities will be so moral that lads and lasses shall be as safe in the public thoroughfares as in their homes.

Pulpit and printing press for the most part in our day are busy in discussing the condition of the cities at this time, but would it not be healthfully encouraging to all Christians who have a desire to do their duty to make the world better, if we should for a little while look forward to the time when our cities shall be revolutionized by the Gospel of the Son of God, and all the darkness of sin and trouble and death and suffering shall be gone from the world?

Every man has a pride in the city of his nativity or residence, if it be a city distinguished for any dignity or power—such as Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Virgian of Mantua, Lyons of France, Demosthenes of Athens, Archimedes of Syracuse, and Paul of Tarsus. I should have suspicion of base-heartedness in a man who had no especial interest in his native city, and who did not feel a thrill at the evidence of its prosperity, or its artistic embellishments, or its intellectual advancement.

I have noticed that a man never likes a city where he has not been born. I have noticed that a man never feels a pride in his native city, or in the idea of pulling ourselves up at any time, try to pull others down. Boston must continue to point to its Faneuil Hall, and to its common, and to its superior educational advantages. Philadelphia must continue to point to its Independence hall, and its mint, and its Girard college. Washington must continue to point to its war department buildings. If we could find a man going down from any city, having no pride in that city, that city having been the place of his nativity, or now being the place of his residence, I would say to him: What a thing have you done there? What courageous things have you been guilty of that you do not like the place?"

I think you ought—and I take it for granted you are interested—in this great work of evangelization that is saving the world; we ought to tell with the sunlight in our faces. We are not fighting in a miserable Bull Run of defeat. We are on our way to final victory. We are not following the ranks of the dead, but the living, as down to death and darkness and doom; but the rider on the white horse, with the moon under his feet and the stars of Heaven for his tara. Hail, Conqueror!

I know there are sorrows, and there are sins, and there are sufferings all around us, but as in some bitter, cold winter day, when we are threshing our arms to keep our thumbs from freezing, we are always going to come out in the dark winter night we look up and see the northern lights, the windows of Heaven illuminated by some great victory—just so we look up from the night of sin to the light of salvation, and watching in our cities, and we see a bright streaming through from the other side, and we know we are on the way to morning—more than that, on the way "to a morning without clouds."

I want you to understand, all you who are toiling for Christ, that the castles of sin are all going to be captured. The victory for Christ in these great towns is going to be so complete that when the last trumpet sounds, Hell, or a devil in Hell will disappear. How do I know? I know just as certainly as God lives and that this is holy truth. The old Bible is full of it. It is the word to us saved. It comes at the cities in which we live. It takes a great difference with you and with me whether we are toiling on toward a defeat, or tolling on toward a victory.

Now, in this municipal elevation of which I speak, I have to remark there will be greater financial prosperity than our cities have ever seen. Some people seem to have a morbid idea of the millennium, and they think when we are to be saved, our cities and the world will live in poverty. There is no ground for such an absurd anticipation. In the time of which I speak, where now one fortune is made there will be one hundred made. We all know business principles, and the relating of their religious experience, and, as all social life will be purified, there will be no hilarity, and, as all business will be purified, there will be no enterprise. There is no ground for such an absurd anticipation. In the time of which I speak, all the haunts of infamy and crime and squalor will be cleansed, and will be replaced by the purest virtue. You say, perhaps, by one influence. Perhaps I say by another. I will tell you what is my idea, and I know I am right in it. The Gospel of the Son of God will be established, and there will be no room for frauds and thievery, confidence will be established, and there will be better business and larger fortunes gathered, and mightier successes achieved.

The greatest disasters of this century have come from the way of godless gamblers and infamous stock gamblers. The great foes to business is crime. When the right shall have hurried back the wrong, and shall have purified the commercial code, and shall have the world down from the gambling dens, and shall put into the hands of honest men the keys of busi-

ness, passed time for the bargainers, makers, and talkers in abstraction. I am not making fun of them. I am telling you God's stern truth.

In that day of which I speak, taxes will be a mere nothing. Now, our business men are taxed for everything. City taxes, county taxes, state taxes, taxes taken from us, taxes taken from us, taxes, taxes, taxes! Our business men have to make a small fortune every year to pay their taxes. What taxes on our greater properties, what trivial! Crime is individual and official. We have to pay the board of the villains who are incarcerated in our prisons. We have to take care of the orphans of those who plunged into the sea of life with the intent to drown. We have to support the municipal governments, which are vast and treacherous. Who supports the almshouses and police stations, and all the machinery of municipal government? The taxpayers.

But in the glorious time of which I speak, grievances taxation will all have ceased. There will be no need of supporting criminals. There will be no criminals. Virtue will have taken the place of vice. There will be no orphan asylums, for parents will be able to leave a competency to their children. There will be no need of large sums of money for some municipal improvement, which money, before they get to the improvements, drop into the pockets of those who voted them. There will be no expense to us at variance to the people. No empanneling of juries to try theft and arson and murder and slander and blackmail. Better factories, graded architectures, finer equipage, larger fortunes, richer opulence, better dress.

In that better time, also, coming to those cities, Christ's churches will be more numerous, and they will be larger, and they will be more devoted to the service of God, and will accomplish greater influences for good. Now, it is often the case that churches are envious of each other, and denominations collide with each other, and even ministers of Christ sometimes forget the best interests of the church. The time of which I speak, while there will be just as many differences of opinion as there are now, there will be no acerbity, no hypercriticalism, no exclusiveness, no pride, no conceit, no exhibition at the evidence of its prosperity, or its artistic embellishments, or its intellectual advancement.

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